THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1358.

Original Poetry.

AM I NOT CHANGED?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD

Am I not changed?
Look on the picture once again,
Friend, dear friend of my happier days,
Who gazed that hour I sat to paint—
Smiling with dust my sprouting hope:
Who think the years should have sent me on,
And fourteen to the good,
To the outward eye so sturdy won,
But for the mind is unchanged.

Am I not changed?
No, I sit in the olden place,
And wear the look and the hair I wore,
Singing, this summer, the same wild lays,
In the very same! I sang before.
Lake of mark and limit of sect,
Speaks of a change in the outward man,
The lesson of pain so conned by rote,
Has kept in course since it first began.

Am I not changed?
Would that my heart were gay and free,
As it has been in the olden time,
When the spirit roved playfully
In the world of love, and the world of rhyme.
Believe, dear friend, that the change is least
In the cloud of hair, or the settle I tread—
Grave and song in my heart have ceased,
And even young years grow down the head.

Am I not changed?
Sadly and deeply—but let it be—
So long as I sing in my accustomed face,
Who pauses the outward soul to see,
Or to mark the heart in the hurried race
Thy well that the soul, unlike the crust,
Revives as it wastes—it is unsolved's rest,
Shrinks, when the gazer stops to sing,
And closes again when he passes by.

LINES TO KATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY ------

Sweet bards have often sung how angels bright,
Lured by the rays from mortal beauty given,
From the blest realms on high have winged their flight,
And lost for women's eyes the love of heaven.
This was a theme gone by—or so they say—
Angels have since grown wiser than they were,
At least I think, for in proof of what I say
They've quit such presks, and women dress less fair.

For oh! dear girl, should'st thou e'er catch the vision
Of one of those winged tenants of the spheres,
Should the bright eyes become on his pathway fixed?
What, what were left for me but hopeless tears

To pity, then, I pray oppose less charming,
Nor dress me mad with rivals from above,
Thy witching smiles have really grown alarming,
Else now I dote—let me not die for love.

L. M.

TO ------.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY RICHARD COE, JR.

Around his harp the poet flings
A wreath of luxurious flowers,
While running o'er its tuneful strings,
To win song the lyre invests.
Music and flowers and poesy,
Shall prove my love, dear girl, for thee.

Original Tales.

BORROWED PLUMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. N. M'DONALD.

A week at Millwood Cottage! a whole week of breeze and sunshine, and "birds, and flowers, and other country things." Would it not be charming? said as Gertrude Millwood and I turned the invitation we hastily sent by Mrs. Millwood herself; no marvel was it that her eyes should beam with joy, and her cheeks glow with animation. Gertrude was a city girl to whom country pleasures were but little known. Like "angels visits, brief, and far between" had been her glimpses of green fields and flowering gardens, of purling brooks, and noble forests, for Gertrude, in the common acceptation of the term, was poor, and deemed not, or rather enjoyed but in dreams, the benefit of country lodgings during the weeks of warm weather, or sojournings in Saratoga, or an occasional trip to the sea side. Those beside her little week stable, or bending over her embroidery frame, and Gertrude during the sweet bright days of June, or the hot, scorching ones of July and August. She had little leisure for aught save "drawing," or shopping at Stewarts, or any of the other time killing amusements of our city ladies, for, as I said, Gertrude was poor, and what little money she had to spare from her dressmaker and two daughters, whose skill in embroidery, and tasteful use of the needle in other matters, induced a few kind friends to supply them with constant employment, or find a ready purchaser elsewhere for their pretty wrought work and fancy articles. Gertrude and her sister felt that it was their duty to aid their mother as they shrank from the difficult task of offering their own work for sale, and therefore the fact of their being thus employed, was known only to those kind friends at other and more prosperous days, who so generously assisted them, while not unfrequently, a fashionable acquaintance donned the "borrowed plume," upon which they had bestowed so much time and patience without giving one thought to the unknown and unreared fair individual, whose skill and perseverance had contributed to render her dress more elegant than her companions. I suspect the least suspicion that it had emanated from the quiet parlor in which she was paying a morning call, or the delicate hands of the young lady with whom she conversed.

But now, Gertrude's labor was to cease, at least for a few days, and the confinement of city life give place to the freedom of Nature in her loveliest haunts. It was late in June, when the summer was in its prime, and a week, seemed to me, but a short wood Cottage, seemed like the illusion of a fairy dream. Gertrude could scarcely believe that her own dear mother was going to spend a week in the least themselves upon the beauties of a spot, which nature and art had combined to make an earthly paradise, and wasted not a thought for the return of her mother and sister, that she might communicate the delightful intelligence, and commit with them upon the necessary preparations for the visit. "Oh! mother, such delightful news!" she exclaimed, when at length Mrs. Bailey made her appearance. "Mrs. Ellwyn has been here and brought me an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Millwood to spend a week with them at Millwood. A whole week, mother, just think of it. Mrs. Ellwyn goes on Wednesday with Emma Singleton, and—if you should not object, which I hope you will not—I am to go with their party."

"This is news indeed," says Mrs. Bailey, taking the comfortable arm chair which her daughter wheeled out for her accommodation. "But can you go, my dear?"

"I think so," replied Gertrude, glancing down at her work box. "This piece of stitching is nearly done, and I will ask Mrs. Lee to wait a few days for her baby's mantle."

"I might finish the mantle while you are gone, since there is no invitation for me," said her sister, kindly. "Do read the note again and see if you cannot find my name in some odd corner of the paper."

"I believe not," said Gertrude, as she untwisted Mrs. Millwood's elegant billet. "So you must content yourself with double duty at home, while I am enjoying the beauties of H——. The very thought of breathing a little pure air quite invigorates me, and then the society of Millwood is so agreeable. Mrs. Elwyn says there are several literary people with her sister just now, and if Emma Singleton goes too—"

"You are not turning Boo-hunter, are you, Gertrude?" asked Anna Bailey, laughing.

"Not exactly, I am only showing mother how many inducements there are, that she may consent to my going."

"I shall be rejoiced at it, my dear," said Mrs. Bailey, "if you can arrange every thing. Mrs. Millwood has such a gathering of wealth and fashion about her during the summer, that I am only anxious least your dress should not be in all points as you wish."

Gertrude hastily ran over the contents of her wardrobe. A new colored lawn had been finished just in time, and the white one, of last season, was well "done up" would certainly look neat, and serve as a change. Then for cool days—there might be cool ones even in the country—Anna suggested, though somewhat slender wardrobe was always in good order, and never, perhaps, had she felt how over-crowded it was until now. Taught by the stern lessons of necessity, and fully engrossed with her daily occupations, Gertrude had learned to content herself with that plain though tasteful apparel, which best suited her mother's altered fortunes and if she sometimes wished for an expensive article, she had learned that she could not by any means procure it, soon made her willing to substitute a more simple and less costly one in its stead. But now, Gertrude's cheerfulness, and her prudence had changed, and what was quite proper, and every way suitable for "country wear" was not at all suitable for Millwood. Eager at first to accept the invitation she had overlooked every objection made by Mrs. Bailey or Anna, and determined to go at all events, but when the matter was actually concluded, and all her little arrangements made, there still appeared something wanting to complete her toilette. In her face, she gave way to a weakness of character wholly unworthy of her, and shrank back at the idea of what a plain, very plain appearance she would inevitably present among the grandeur of Millwood Cottage. "Not a single ornament except my little Hebe cameo, and that is so small," said she, her eyes bent upon the pavement, she pursued her way to Mrs. Ellwyn's. "Anna will lend me her pearls, and locket to be sure, but there are so many articles of that kind which set off a person's dress, and which I want so much. Ah, dear! it is a terrible thing to be poor, let Anna Singleton say what pleases about it," and Gertrude left half tempted to decline the kind offer of her friend, but at once resign it in favor of her sister, rather than go to Millwood unsuitably arrayed.

At this moment a merry voice accosted her from the window of a house she was passing, and looking up, Gertrude met the laughing eyes of Emma Singleton, her own bright face flushed as she called to know what she was thinking of so intently, and to beg she would come directly to her room. "Anna is in the twelfth apartment of Miss Armstrong, time flew rapidly away. The young ladies had not met for a week, and being, as I have said, particular friends, there was much to be communicated on both sides, while, of course, the visit to H——, a theme uppermost in Gertrude's thoughts, received a fair share of consideration.

"Really, my dear, I almost envy you," said Helen gayly, "save and except the literary people, who are my dreaded aversion, but with Emma and Anna

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1852.

TERMS.

Single copies $2 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

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The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Remember most always state the Post Office corrected from, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are in arrears for subscription to this paper.

Of Jno. Richardson, late of Bear Lakes, Ohio.
Of Benj. Rugg, late of Black Hawking House, Maryland
Of Jno. B. Murphy or Murphy, late of Cincinnati, Ohio.
Of Wm. Dryden, late of Hamilton-Twp., Pa.
Of Bannaville D. Jones, or Wife, late of Long England.
Of Jas. A. Bell, late of Charlotte Court House, Va.
Of Nathan B. Hall, paper was left at Garrett's Grocery in Market street.
Of Jas. Sewell, late of Somerton, Indiana.
Of E. C. Bonner, late of do. do.
Of Jas. or Jno. Pirstle of Plainfield, Pike county, Illinois.
Of Dr. F. W'Gordon, late of do. do.
Of Alex. Kirkpatrick, late of Shawneetown, Illinois.
Of H. Eddy, late of do. do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vaseus Bates.—We shall kindly do. The weaker paper scarcely sufficient attention to the owner of his time. Thus the time,

> "Fast their leaves in dayker hues,"

is of very indelible meaning, especially when taken in connection with the rest of the verse in which it appears. Turn of the poet wanted her. The "Bad Man's Appointment" would not also be her honouring a piece of love without an object, although a very young one. Perhaps "Flora May" would be more appropriate, but we consider this when he sits down to write poetry, or rather before sitting down.

Flora May.—Flora's poem is received—it is very pretty, and notwithstanding its length, we must try to squeeze it in before many days elapse. We wished to be informed whether, in our opinion, the possessor "some time under the magnifying eye of poesy." Some time ago, unhesitatingly; and yet, Miss Flora, you are not conversant. You do not wish to know whether you have "some flame within your breast," whether you have even a moderate share of the kind—is not the case, is the truth? Now, Flora, if you have any idea of sitting up for a poem a regular prisoner at the shrine, we beg you will dismiss it as soon as possible. If you are, we regret you to be, a blooming young lady, live as yet, we hope forever, from any life-long heart ache, if you are happy among friends that love you, in a country happier yet, with one dear lover you, and is worthy of your love, then, dear Flora, please dismiss my such idea as soon as may be from your mind. Of course there can be no objection in your scribbling verses occasionally, as they come into your head, and passing them round among your friends, or even sending them to the Post for publication; but do not, we pray you, let your heart become making a vocation of it. We will be angry also the words of the poet a little, we would say,

> "Live happy" tend thy flowers,
> Be needed by their blowing."

Let the foolish world, and its applause, pass by unheeded—be thy world the sacred harmony of home; and tend in the affections of parents, relatives and friends, thy sweet seeds of enjoyment. This to thee, Flora, and not only to thee, but to the thousands of others as good and beautiful, the world's loud their sweet glances over and page.

One word, in addition, before we pass conclusively, Flora. As to the request made in a former paper, which should have been immediately complied with, it was at the instance of another. We had a motive for asking, not in the least personal. Ours, nevertheless, like Miss Lucy in the song, may "not have time." Her memory will probably triumph in the end. If it does not, Flora alone will be the loser.

Ezra.—Rose will please take our answer in Flora May, as an answer also to her question, "Please give me your candid opinion whether I have any poetic talent worth cultivating." As to the person, we have only found time, as yet, to barely glance at them.

Editorial Item.—W. H. and others, are received, and shall appear in due season.

Accepted.—"Lines to a Dead Rose," and "Sonnet to ——."

P. G. C. Is the "Song" original? We have read one somewhere very much like it.

TO POSTMASTERS.

Postmasters who have occasion to forward money to us, will please remember that the law strictly requires that Post Office Drafts, when not of sperations upon the first of this month. The old plan of forwarding the money direct to us, will henceforward have to be resorted to.

CITY DREAMINGS.

Most men engaged in the turmoil and excitement of city life, have evinced various occasionally feeling better times at a retreat in the more tranquil part of the country, away from all the confused scenes and bustle of the town. They look forward, during the momentary excitement that serve to be as scenes of their business, to a period in the future when they shall be able to throw off the cares that oppress them, and remove from the bustle and noise of the day, to spend the remainder of their lives in comparative ease and quiet. Notwithstanding sober reason throws great doubts upon the accomplishment of happiness thus conjured up by the imagination, still the mind clings to the vision as to a foretaste of heaven. Time passes on, many strive for success of carrying out their plans, they choose a pleasant location in the country, they build a cottage, or even purchase a farm; but, of the number that then seek to realize the golden dream of their manhood, how few are satiated with the change. After all is done to make their country residence pleasant, they begin to fear at the quiet of the scene around them—they have acquired habits which will not be put off like a garment, and in a short time they long to be again among the bustle and excitement of city life, as fervently as they once panted to escape from it. We thank him much for the trouble he has taken to get us some more subscribers in his vicinity. Such trouble is indeed no trouble.

> "I have tried as hard as any man to get your paper a name in my neighborhood, since I found out what it was worth. I was a subscriber myself as much so, that as long as it is conducted as it now is, I shall be a subscriber, so long as I can get it. I wish every man, woman and child in the land had your eyes open to its worth, and its price enough. Pay in the people to subscribe for the best paper in the world."

STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Our readers will perceive by the news from the Seat of War, under its appropriate head, that it is apparent that the Free States have become fully aroused, considering it in fact their paper, that they take a compliment to it as somewhat of a compliment to themselves should be foreground if from the Slave States and the influential classes of Mexico, are now sincerely desirous of peace; while others look upon it and other similar articles as evidence of fear. The editorial and miscellaneous matter, which written and published in the Seat of Tyranny, who is making the Post the very best sheet of a family paper.

Since writing the above, we have received a letter from a subscriber in Tennessee, which contains the following flattering testimony to our Post. We thank him much for the trouble he has taken to get us some more subscribers in his vicinity. Such trouble is indeed no trouble.

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A FOOLISH STATESMAN.

Lord Palmerston, one of the British Ministers, has been making some rather foolish allusions to the subscribers, in a recent speech in the House of Commons, in reply to a proposition of Lord George Bentinck's, to enforce from Spain the payment of twenty-six millions sterling, due to the subjects of Great Britain, on which Lord John Russell paid a part of the interest during the last seven years. Lord George argued at length that it was the duty of the British Government to compel the Spanish Government to pay her debt, or the debts of her subjects, due to Englishmen. In this Lord Palmerston agreed with him, but thought the best method of effecting it a question of time and expediency.

In the course of his remarks, he said, after alluding to the defaulting States of this country:

> *I would take this opportunity of warning Foreign Governments who are debtors to British subjects, that the time may come when that House will no longer be a party to the arrangement which has hitherto existed between the subjects of this country* [cheers from all sides.] *I would warn them that the time may come when the House will refuse to support the principle that the one hundred and fifty millions due to British subjects, by the Spanish Government, should be left unpaid.* I would warn them that if they do not make proper efforts themselves to fulfil their engagements, the Government of this country, whatever man may be in office, may be compelled, by the force of public opinion, and by the votes of Parliament, to depart from that which hitherto has been the established practice of England, and to insist upon the payment of debts due to British subjects [loud cheers from both sides of the House] which they cannot dispute. If, at present, the Spanish Government is unable to pay the interest, they cannot plead inability to pay the principal. I would warn them that if they do not make proper efforts to fulfil their engagements, the Government of this country, whatever man may be in office, may be compelled, by the force of public opinion, and by the votes of Parliament, to depart from that which hitherto has been the established practice of England, and to insist upon the payment of debts due to British subjects [loud cheers from both sides of the House] which they cannot dispute. If, at present, the Spanish Government is unable to pay the interest, they cannot plead inability to pay the principal.

After the "noble (foolish?) lord" had concluded, Mr. Hume had the equal folly to say that "he trusted, at the terms used by the noble lord, would meet with their proper effect on some of the States of the North American Union who are indebted to this country. He had always taken the same interest in the United States of America. He thought he perceived in them a rising prosperity from the policy of a wise and honest Government, but he was sorry to observe in later years that, notwithstanding all the means which they had to satisfy all their creditors, they had allowed their claims to fall into arrear. The United States had thus lost the high character which they once held; but he trusted the sentiments of the noble lord would reach them, and that they would soon discharge their debts to their bondholders."

If Mr. Hume was gifted with the least degree of common sense, he might foresee that just such language as this of the "noble Viscount," addressed to a body of men, was not calculated to have the effect that he intended it should. We abhor "repudiation," and everything that savours of it, from the bottom of our hearts, but we have no more stomach for threats than other men. The American stomach generally is averse to appeasement in this particular. Warm, for instance, more than a year ago, we spoke plainly. "If reasons were as plenty as blackberries in winter, I would not give them on compulsion," Talleyrand says; and Talleyrand was a good real like the rest of the world in that respect.

Lord Palmerston has the reputation in England of being a shrewd man, but he has certainly shown much disposed to get his country at loggerhead with the whole world, and surely this looks very much like it. He is a pity that such men as he ever be placed in situations where they are able to do so much mischief. If "the noble lord" was a constable, he would greatly his ragtidest persons into without any more serious consequences than keeping his parish in a continual ferment, by his arbitrary speeches and measures. It is almost time for Foreign Affairs of a great nation like Great Britain, be may endanger, by his indiscreate punctiliarity of dignity, the peace of the whole world.

COMPLIMENTS.

We do not know whether we are mistaken or not, but we have formed an idea that many of the readers of the Post have become so accustomed to it, considering it in fact their paper, that they take a compliment to it as somewhat of a compliment to themselves should be foreground if from the Slave States and the influential classes of Mexico, are now sincerely desirous of peace; while others look upon it and other similar articles as evidence of fear. We thank him much for the trouble he has taken to get us some more subscribers in his vicinity. Such trouble is indeed no trouble.

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EDITORIAL SUBSERVIENCY.

From an excellent article upon the above subject in the Public Ledger, of this city, we take the following extract:

> Many readers in subdued silence to themselves, or in the social circle, express their dissatisfaction at the tone of the press, and the character of the articles which are published in the columns of the daily papers. Many persons are disgusted with the style of the editorials, and the matter of the paragraphs, but the honesty that exposes it. Subscribers, the days of pain, or favor, or even pecuniary support to the imposter, and the man who has the independence to speak out, finds himself sustained and encouraged by numerous and valuable friends. Readers are not very good, nor very bad, but they are bad enough to make it dangerous for an editor to trifle with imposition on the gullibility of the people, if the evil-minded reader may perchance find something a little more contemptible than a toad, and he is not much better who, from a spirit of peculiarity, justifies or excuses the evil or moral frauds of the unprincipled. The purchaser of a worthless article may be in quite common. While it is *continued to embroidered*, the *purchaser is deceived, but when, in the estimation of the influence of the public press, which ought ever to be the friends of truth and virtue, there is great danger that falsehood and evil will triumph.*

We would especially call the attention of our readers to the passages we have italicized in the above extract, as we consider exceedingly short editorial life we have been under the necessity of speaking out plainly in relation to the matter, and we shall do so if it was our desire to do, if it could have been avoided with honor. But, however great may be an editor's desire to please, he cannot do so at the sacrifice of what he absolutely necessary that he should assert to them, or else feel that he has fallen short of his editorial duty. He may, now and then, grant, when a matter of delicacy is immoral comes under his notice, contend himself with general philippics against that class of books, written and published for the purpose of lucre, or even; *therefore let no foreign country who has a claim against the United States, mistake this for a false impression either that the British Parliament will forever remain passive under the repeated violations of the faith so called to enforce the rights of the people of England, the government let it, that, that when the conduct of individuals comes universally and fairly before the public, there shall cheerful support and not rather a censure.*

After the "noble (foolish?) lord" had concluded Mr. Hume had the equal folly to say that "he trust, at the terms used by the noble lord would meet in the their proper effect on some of the States of the North American Union who are indebted to this country. He had always taken the same interest in the United States of America. He thought he perceived in them a rising prosperity from the policy of a wise and honest Government, but he was sorry to observe in later years that, notwithstanding all the means which they had to satisfy all their creditors, they had allowed their claims to fall into arrear. The United States had thus lost the high character which they once held; but he trusted the sentiments of the noble lord would reach them, and that they would soon discharge their debts to their bondholders."

EDITORIALS.

The editor of the Evening Bulletin, in the course of a well written article, says —

> Editors frequently exhibit a want of adaptation. Their articles, however able and powerful, are generally an ill cut to the same bed, run to the same mould, and are written in a political style, by the use of which they pen a didactic one, and either contain, silly moralize, or else eternally magpie. They scarcely ever display that light, airy, charm of words. Whether at the head of a "talented daily," or the "humble weekly," the "able monthly," or the "penny press," they employ the same set phrases, and express the same opinions. They are, as a general rule, they are not sufficiently idiomatic. A newspaper should be the reflection of the mind of the author, ought to delve in the mine of the good old Saxon, and, more than any other literature, should speak the tongue of the people. Yet, Addison and Johnson and Dean Swift into the hands of the community, and two-thirds will devour the Dean, though they will not even, in a Publius, and Johnson is the grandest. Vigor of style is a great talent in a newspaper. He who can write a good editor should not always be "casting a passion to the letters;" the high and imposing style may be unbalays, but will not wear well as an every day dress. It is the style in which the Bible is written, and see whose gets reused, or who is continually in the hands of the people. Let editors study well his lameness or his fury live his readers, and makes the style of Lamenne, when it does come properly, of no effect.

All very good, Mr. Bulletin—good sense, well expressed, such as the high mark at which all editors should aim—but, as the soldier said, "You cannot expect all the virtues of the human character for twelve shillings a month." It is necessary to premise that the article in question is from the pen of "Cousin and Enquirer," in City Hall, who was wounded in a duel with Mr. Markoff, of Kentucky, some years ago

> Fruit of Repentance.—The Courier and Enquirer of yesterday contained the following piece of advice:
>
> Any man who should allow another to point a pistol or gun at him under any circumstances."
>
> Perhaps, indeed, he would not. But with all the respect due to its distinguished source. It is a little too late in the day for the Courier to be the mark in the regular army, deriving wisdom for others from his own honorable, though painful experience.

APPEARANCES.

A contemporary says —

We cannot judge by appearances. The most accomplished villain may have the appearance of the honest man. The ugliest looking man we ever saw was a kind husband and father.

We think our contemporary's sentiment prove nothing. It requires an *accomplished* gentleman to be a villain. We have seen a great many villains who were not gentlemen, and the ugliest looking man? expected to be the *handiest* one. For our part, we can judge by appearances, and generally do. Pure avarice and cruelty write themselves upon the face, as surely as amiability, generosity and benevolence. The countenance of the villain is usually generally deceived, who is on dull at face-reading, as to wonder that an ugly, or rather as is really meant, a villain looking man, should be an honest one. Appearances are not deceitful, but mankind are blind.

LATENT HEAT.

A correspondent of the Ledger puts the following question to the scientific —

> I desire to put a question to the philosophers, and if some of them will answer it, they may learn more than myself. What is latent heat? To answer my question correctly, it will be useful for me to say to state what heat is, and when it is latent. It is said to appear to be a matter beyond the reach of inquiry, and many who know but little of the subject have a fixed opinion respecting it. My own recollections have induced a conclusion that the commonly received opinion, that heat is a substance or body, is not correct. If it is not, there is no occasion for the phrase latent heat. If heat is not a body, but a quality, it is not to be supposed that it can become any more than black, or round, or hard, or thick or thin. I may be in error and desire to be enlightened.

BINGULAR LIBEL CASE.

Gunning, in Queen's Bench, has been convicted for a libel, in consequence of having read from his pulpit a sentence of ex-communication passed upon the Duchess of Cumberland, in accordance with the customs of the Church. We note in connection with the above, as another singular move, that the Duchess of the Baron Chemnitzgo, who was recently convicted before Judge Wells's charge, on the ground that *the whole law of libel is reasonable law!*

THUNDER STORMS.

Professor Olmsted denies that he ever expressed the sentiment, now going the rounds of the papers, relative to the effect of the Telegraph and Railroads in preventing heavy thunder storms. He says, "The idea that we shall have no heavy thunder storms, or loss of lightning striking as long as we have telegraph wires spread over the earth, could not, I should suppose, be entertained by any one who reflects how small a portion such structures of set bear, in extent, to the grand operations of nature."

GUN COTTON.

A variety of experiments were made in the neighborhood of this city, one subjected, last week, by a number of spectators, all of scientific gentlemen, in relation to the availability of Gun Cotton for military and sporting purposes, and its advantages as compared with Gunpowder. The conclusion to which they arrived was as follows:

Gun Cotton is superior to Gunpowder for sporting purposes, and for military purposes it is not inferior to it, while it is as much as one third less expensive when loaded with Gunpowder; in the matter of cleanliness it is superior to Gunpowder, and is also free from smoke, and is not affected by dampness, with a double charge of Gun Cotton, a ball can be fired through a pine board that is one inch thick, at the distance of one hundred yards, and with a single charge it is equally effective at the same distance. It is also ascertained that the entire manufacture of Gun Cotton is completely free from any unpleasant effects upon the health of the operatives, and that the material can be manufactured at a cost of not more than fifty cents per pound. The experiments were made with Gun Cotton manufactured by Mr. Schoenbein, the discoverer of the article, and the result is considered highly satisfactory by those who witnessed them.

THE WESTERN PEOPLE.

It is a very common opinion, in the Eastern States, that the inhabitants of the West are principally descendants of New Englanders. Thus the Rev. Mr. Allen, in his speech before the Chicago Convention, said that "*the manners of people who have left the Eastern States for the West, are those of New England States.*" Mr. Clay, Governor, the able editor of the Cincinnati Advertiser, denies that his fellow citizens are of New England origin. Lord Jeffrey, in a late number of the Edinburgh Review, says that the Western portion of Illinois, small portions of Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan, "have been settled by an inexpressible New England settlements;" and that "the descendants of New Englanders do not form five per cent of the population of the West. Mr. Clay adds —

> I do not say these things out of prejudice to New England—for I have a high opinion of every thing connected with it, but I am not willing to admit that they constituting influence of the West when it is not the fact.

We should not be surprised if there were as many people in the West, of Pennsylvania and Virginia descent, as of New England.

A PROBABLE HOAX.

We received a letter some weeks since from Easton, Talbot county, Md., signed "Joshua Dunlap," giving an account of the burning of a house of persons in that vicinity, among them one whole family of eight persons. We suspected at once it was one of those wicked and cowardly attempts to get called hoaxes, and therefore gave no credence to it, and as we have heard nothing since of any such burning, we have considered our self justified in coming to the conclusion that our supposition was correct.

We suppose that the name attached to the letter is a fictitious one, but the real writing person will be known in Easton. We have therefore inclosed the letter to an old subscriber at that place, with the object of having it shown to the writer. We do not like to be humbugged by any one, much less by a neighborhood, that are willing to take a little trouble, to ascertain who it is among them that is capable of such base conduct.

GENERAL CUSHING.

The Matamoros Flag affirms that the gallant bachelor general was prosecuting with a lady, at the time he tumbled into the ditch, and broke his leg. The Flag says that a certain scoundrel has been all night and tears since the accident occured. His breaking his leg was the best thing he ever did. What will those New England girls say, who gave the general a ring, as the emblem of constancy, before he set out on his travels? Will they not feel like sticking pins in their Cushie?

THE ARMY WORM.

The New Orleans Delta, of *July* 30th, says that a letter was received in that city from Lake Providence, by a respectable commercial house, from a gentleman in that place, stating that the army worm was making its appearance in that vicinity, and communicates the important intelligence that on the day previous the plantation of Madame Bringier, near that place, was attacked by the army worm, and in a few hours her whole crop was entirely destroyed. The Delta says that this information may be relied upon.

LOST AND FOUND.

The New Haven Palladium states that Mr. Grant, of that place, lost a little daughter recently by drowning, and that the funeral services were commenced, a son arrived from sea, who had been mourned as dead. Thus one child seemed to rise from the grave, on the other about to be deposited in it. Such are the singular compensations of life.

CROPS IN TEXAS.

A correspondent of the Galveston Courier county, Texas, under date of *July* 9th, says —

> We have a fine prospect for good crops in this county at this time. The early corn is already made, and far better than usual. The cotton is very fair, and, unless some unforseen misfortune befall it, we shall make as much or more than we can gather in our season.

EMIGRATION.

Earl Grey, British Colonial Secretary, states, officially, that the number of persons who have emigrated to North America since 1840, is one and a half millions.

New Publications.

Memoirs of Madame de Staël and of Madame Recamier. *By L. Maigne'ron. New York: Derby & Co. For sale by J. W. Moore, Philadelphia.* This is a reprint of two admirable biographies from the pen of Mrs. Child, one of the most talented writers of the day, and one who is every subject it touches. Truth in her hands is as it should be, sacred, and her style is that of a gift of seeing things in their most attractive light renders her pen irresistible to every reader. She has added to the list, correct views of life and her productions, enlisting in their wide audience every variety of character. Her style is free, and yet that of a lady, simple, and we are only sorry that she has given to the world so few proofs of her talent. The present is an instance of that large charity and clear judgment which has always enabled her to do justice to distinguished persons—the spirit that will

> "Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice,"

it will be observed in the life of Madame De Staël that the gifted author has had to contend with all of shame, are gently traced to their true source—the use and vicious system of a French society. The unfortunate which tempted her to feel pride in her marriage of convenience, and shone in her marriage of love, so unreservedly carried out the impulses of her character, but one which does not and should not prevent our admiring the noble heart and mind of the most brilliant gifted among women.

Mrs. Recamier was a far more gentle woman, will high quietly lovelined," moving serenely in the waffled with those memorable words upon her lips, "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" and surrounding a lofty life-path to an heroic death with still unclouded mind, and a heart that had never turned from principles and right feelings, place her high among the noble women of the world, and one to be seen in the difficult pilgrimage of life. The fewing shades of skepticism that threw their shadow upon her path, were not of her own creating, but were the result of hatred, and so considered, do not materially the beautiful example which her whole heart and mind of the most brilliantly gifted among women.

And Andrew Downing's Rural Essays, a new, well high character, of nearly one hundred octavo pages, illustrated with three

United States SATURDAY POST.

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New agents will be received as either of the above mentioned Depots.

Casualties.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

The Elmira Gazette says that a wife was recently killed by her husband near Troy, in this State, in the following manner.

Some time in the night Mrs. Pierce, wife of Dr. I. B. Pierce, had occasion to go to the window of the chamber, to which they were sleeping, leaving the door open. The husband, a number of weeks since, had so instantly seized his gun, which was also loaded, supposing that some one was trying to break into the house. After Mrs. P. had let down the window, she advanced towards the bed. Dr. P. could not tarry longer to make sure that all was right, but fired, and he fled down the stairs, and was soon the morale of the gun—the whole charge of shot entered her breast, and the ball dead on the floor. He then left on the bed for his wife, to tell her that he had killed some one, when not seeing her, the truth flashed upon him that he had shot his own wife.

CAUTION TO MOTHERS.

The Trenton News records the death of a child in that city, in the following manner:

The mother had carefully laid her infant to sleep on the bed, up stairs, placing chairs in front to prevent it falling off, and then went to milking. At the foot of the bed stood a bureau, a few inches from the rail of the bedstead, which was formed of sufficient protection in that quarter, and with three ample guards on the other, it was left safe and sound while the mother attended to her household affairs below. On returning to look after her child she soon found that it had slipped down, feet foremost, between the foot of the bed and the bureau, where it was so tightly wedged with the back of the bureau and the bureau, and its chin resting on the rail of the bedstead. It was already stiff in death, having been heated by any of the family, and it is probable that the death struggle was very short.

A DISTRESSING AFFAIR.—A large lime stone

rolled from the top of a hill in the vicinity of Pottsburg, on Monday afternoon about 4 o'clock, and crushed against a frame school-house, and instantly killed five children, besides wounding three others, one of whom died in several hours after the accident, breaking a small frame of about twenty-five by fifteen feet, was situated upon the side of the hill, the town and the ravine below. The lime stone, after descending rock threw it off the point, and precipitated the whole building upon the children underneath.

PLAGUE.—The Nashville (Mo.) Observer, of

the 15th ult. says that while the Amaranth was trying at the wharf in Boonville, a lady passenger, the mother of three children, aged from four to seven of age, fell overboard, unobserved, and was drowned. The husband and father was also on board and children on this boat, intending to follow in a few days, being detained by business—little dreaming that he was then parting with her to meet no more on earth.

KILLED BY A ROCKET STICK.—We learn that

a young man at Bellaire, on Monday evening week was struck by the end of a rocket stick, which fell and front part of his head, which passed down and came out under his chin, and there stuck. He died the next morning.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE WASHINGTON.

ELEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamship Washington, of the Ocean Steam Navigation Company's Line, reached New York on Friday at last week, having left Southampton, England, on the 15th ult.

Her news is not important, although there appears to have been a small advance in the grain market. The following is a summary of her files:—

The prospects of the crops are very fine. The weather has been "magnificent." The potatoes, generally speaking, are supposed to be safe.

Wool Fairs.—The city of Liverpool, sold at 3 1-2 to 4s., and corn meal at 20s. 6d. The cotton market is steady, without much change.

The second reading of the Navigation Bill having been carried on in the House of Commons without a division, the Navigation Laws may be considered virtually abolished, as regards Europe.

Reference is made in the Times of the 14th, to the discovery of a new comet, by Mr. Hind, which were given in that paper of the 13th. The discovery was made by Mr. Hind, on Tuesday.

The London Morning Post denies the report that the Duke of Wellington intends to resign the Ordnance.

AMERICAN LOG.—The vessel Virginia has arrived at the port of Liverpool, from Boston, United States of America, with articles of food and coastal material, and four hundred and fifty-one head of cattle on board. This is the first importation of the kind from the United States, and it is to be hoped that it will not be though one or two animals of no rare piece about here without some cause from the Continent of Europe.

NEW POSTAGE RATES.—A bill has been introduced by the Government to prevent packages of newspapers being sent by post, and to limit the maximum weight, reducing the rates on letters according one penny allowed writing on letters, and the same on newspapers, and also to enable anything any person to obtain a receipt for a letter delivered to the post office, and to prevent the fraud of obtaining the sender or letters rejected, or addressed to persons not to be found, by the post office.

THE POSTAGE DEBATE.—The London Standard publishes a letter from Colonel Thomas Perronet, a gentleman of high consideration, and living in a neighborhood which is especially devoted to the cultivation of the potato. It is dated Rickington, Newcastle, July 13, and says:—

"Within the last three days the potato disease has shown itself through hundreds of acres of that crop. In generally speaking, are supposed to be safe. I was also one of the first

Selected Poetry.

OH! IF THERE WERE NO PRINTERS, WHAT WOULD THE PEOPLE DO?

Ans.—"*Fine Old English Gentlemen.*"

BY E. H. HEIST.

The Printers! Ha! I say 'n 0 one? I declare the be
To them who pay the noble Art, which, like the sun, bright sky,
Gives light and happiness to all, and chases the wide world through;
Oh! if there were no Printers, what would the People do?

The Politician, then, indeed, would be a sorry thing,
For there would be no daily sheet slanders never to bring;
And he would have to wait for it, perhaps a month or two;
Oh! if there were no Printers, what would the People do?

The Senator and Member, too, might bid farewell in fame,
Were not one found to print their thoughts—their mighty deeds proclaim;
Their memories made for "Barnum's" they'd find to be "no go"?
Oh! if there were no Printers, what would our world soon do?

The Poet and the Novelist might lay aside their quill—
Give up their toil and study, and bid their brains be still;
For who would read their manuscripts, or even look through?
Oh! if there were no Printers, what would our authors do?

The Merchant, every day, might get new copies and fresh supplies;
But where no papers to be found wherein to advertise,
He'd find his stock grow very large—his dollars very low;
Oh! if there were no Printers, what would the trades men do?

The Ladies, too—God shield them well, and bless each gentle heart!—
How fearful grieve, if to the world was lost the Printer's art;
For there would come no newspapers each week with stories new;
Oh! if there where no Printers, what would the dear ones do?

Then, honor to the Printer!—to whom I give the name—
To those who ply the noble Art, which, like the sun's bright ray,
Gives light and happiness to all, and shines the wide world through;
For, if there were no Printers, toler would the People do?

Selected Tale.

THE MATIN BELL.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

remarks the royal spectator, "he shall suffer for his presumption, in daring to assert such a falsehood. Out of my path, sirrah!" Bernardo, however, throwing himself on his knees, immediately before his sovereign, implored him with well-feigned fear, mingled with seemingly honest boldness, to pause.

"Search you, sire," he said, "punish not my comrade without due inquiry. He is young; he hath had some cause for pride in our royal sire Ivon's favor: beseech you turn not to his hurt the words I have uttered in your comment. Expose me not to the queen's anger."

Greatly agitated, the king listened to him; but ere he could command his voice to reply, the new instant music ceased, and the page's step was heard in the ante chamber. Denis ventured Bernardo to cue, and removing his hand from the hilt of his dagger, gazed stearily on the object of his wrath, as he entered the corridor, who, surprised at seeing the king there present, and made his low and graceful obeisance. The young musician's cheek was flushed, there was a happy smile on his lip; and on his hand he held both his guitar and a small bunch of roses, which Denis at a glance recognized as the bouquet he had seen in the queen's bosom that morning. With a muttered ejaculation he turned from the boy, and then harshly desiring Bernardo to follow him, proceeded to his own apartment.

We will not repeat the conversation held there between the decayed sovereign and the deceiver. It will be sufficient to inform our readers that the art with which Bernardo wrought on the mental infirmity of the unhappy king was but too successful. Nonetheless unmeaning and terrible incidents apparently confirmed the slander. At Isabella's request, the page alone of all her suite had been detained in Portugal; he had been her companion from childhood these remembrances, and the young wife's wish unprejudiced, were more than enough to confirm the nearly belief or jealousy. Denis, enraged as he was preserved, however, a lingering pity for his queen, and most aware of the injury public investigation or vengeance might do to his own honor—and hanging Bernardo, as he valued the love his fidelity then he had deserved, not to reveal aught that had passed between them, he shut himself up in his chamber for the remainder of the day, and the page withdrew to meditate upon the singular and perfect success of his vindictive malice.

Twilight was fast deepening into night as Denis of Portugal, attended only by the page Bernardo, left the palace and rode rapidly across the wide plain beyond the city walls. He urged his noble charger on with a speed equal to, if he sought by the rapidity of its motion to banish the terrible and agonizing thoughts which filled his mind. They had proceeded in the direction of Lisbon a short time their apparently aimless course, and Bernardo had begun to entertain serious doubts of his liege's sanity, when a sudden glare of red light broke on the gloom of the darkening sky. Towards this spot Denis at once turned, and in a few minutes raised in the near beside a large furnace, round which a number of powerful and swarthy laborers were moving. Out of them came forward as the horsemen pulled up, with a rough voice "Here's business."

"Rather who are ye, and what do ye here?" demanded the king, sternly.

"Truly, Sir Carnaliar," replied the man, with a rude obeisance, for the majesty of the speaker's manner awed him, "we are laborers of mine for the new palace our good king is building."

"Your good king will give you other food for your toil," said Denis, with a fearful laugh. "Hark ye! I am Denis of Portugal, your king. To-morrow, at day-dawning, I will send you a troop large enough into your furnace." A few moments of surprise and horror ran through the group as they rose from their attitude of rude homage. "How! do you dare hesitate to do my will?" exclaimed the king, fiercely. "Take heed ye heed not the flames your victims."

There was a brief pause. "Sire," said the first speaker at length, "we are poor, but honest men. We do not to be born base, and much beneath your brave into your furnace." A few moments of surprise and horror ran through the group as they rose from their attitude of rude homage. "How! do you dare hesitate to do my will?" exclaimed the king, fiercely. "Take heed ye heed not the flames your victims."

There was a brief pause. "Sire," said the first speaker at length, "we are poor, but honest men. We do not to be born base, and much beneath your brave into your executioners."

The bold remonstrance would not, at another time, have been made in vain to "the fiend King Denis," but it was at the present moment address to one whose reason was as little under his control as that of a maniac. Heaving with the tyrant's that, if they dared disobey his will they should themselves suffer the doom they were unwilling to inflict upon another, he had entrusted his commission, and received a sullen acknowledgment that it should be executed.

"But hear me, princely Grace," asked the same boldest, "shall we know the page for the right one?"

"Ye have not often such from royal pages me to mistake," said the king, impatiently; "but to give you full assurance of the right, I will tell you, if the king's will be done; and then see that ye do it, or answer it." As he finished his stern injunction, Denis turned away from the spot, leaving his amazed and awe-stricken subjects to discuss, in fear and trembling, the strange mandate they had received from him, whom they had fully recognized as their page tor and hitherto merciful sovereign.

Our readers have of course divined that the fatal command was not executed. In Gonzales, who in early dawn left the palace, in obedience to the royal behest, though all unconscious of its purport. The glowing city was even more than usually beautiful and his path, which at first lay through the groves surrounding the palace, was gem strewed with eyes, tal dew drops. The page's mind was keenly susceptible to beauty, and the lively scene of nature never spoke to his heart in vain. Thoughts and expressions that were not of the rustic service under the influence of the fresh balmy air and the music of the birds; and when the matin bell from a sylvan chapel joined the general song, he started, and for a sudden awe mingle with his thrill of delight. His rest lingered on the nod. The sweet yet solemn sound seemed to call him like a familiar voice, and obeying the promptings of his heart, he turned his steps in the path, dismounted, and secured his horse's leg, and knelt in devout and humble prayer before the altar.

It was noonday, King Denis paced his chamber alone, a prey to the most tormenting reflections. By this time his vengeance was sated, and with that satisfaction came the returning doubt, and with doubt a terrible fear. Bernardo's fidelity, and the queen's innocence in his mind as the possibility of his having been deceived; in short, there was nothing in the universe, and, disguised and miserable, he abandoned the Nary Yard. One day, a long, green Yorkshire smuggled on board the frigate, and examined every nook and cranny in the vessel. Then, at the setting of the watch, from the bearing and manners of his audience, attracted the Yankee's notice.

"Got a pretty good place here—hey?" he inquired.

The officer nodded.

"What kind of a berth you have?"

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, sir."

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars! All low yourself? Shoh!"

"Fact, sir."

"Well, I wonder if I couldn't get something to do here myself!"

"Oh! you, you're such a pretty good mishipman!"

"Well, what's midshipman's wages for a green hand?"

"Forty dollars a month, only."

"Only forty dollars! Jerusalem! why I was goin' to have one for ten. But where can I be made a midshipman of to get it?"

"Down below, sir, in the steerage. As soon as I'm relieved I'll see to it."

Down went the quizzer and the quizzed. A boy of young midshipmen required no prompting to perpetrate a piece of mischief. A specimen was soon made out, and the green-horn equipped in a splendid uniform, including an elegant chapeau and costly sword, by a joint contribution of the mess. That night the watch was exercised to present himself to Commodore S. in the cabin, and report readiness for duty. He was told that the Commodore might be pretty gruff, "it was a way he had;" but not to mind it. The steerage lubber, full, the next morning, at the head of the quarters in the Commodore's cabin; in fact, he was ordered to take possession of a certain state-room. The Commodore's black looks and angry words were to be regarded as nothing—he had no right to use either. Then "posted up," the victim presented himself to the Commodore with—

"Old hoss, how are you?"

S. stared. He had come across a rare one.

"Take a seat, sir."

"I kin help myself, old feller; I generally do," was the reply of the Vermonter, as he flung himself into one seat and crossed his legs upon another.

"You are one of the new midshipmen, I suppose?" remarked the Commodore, who, from the first, suspected something.

"I aint nothin' else."

"Shall I trouble you to see your warrant?"

"Catch hold, old boy."

The Commodore looked at the warrant and then at the visitor.

"Who gave you this?"

"The fellers down stairs; and I'm ready for duty."

"That's enough. Now you can go."

"Not so you known on, Squire. The cellar's chock full—and I want a gun out of that are in a hurry—I tell you now. Oh! you needn't rare up, old fellur. I see what's the matter—you're a uncle cracked up high and the brilliant youth touched his forehead with his fore-finger. "I am going into this chamber to have a right good quarrel—hoss and all, by gracy!"

As he was proceeding to execute this menace, the Commodore took him by the arm and led him to the gangway. Pointing to the sentinel, he remarked, mildly—"You see that man with a musket—now if you don't clear out directly, and leave the ship and yard, never to come here or me again, I'll order him to shoot you!"

The Yankee looked around for the seconds his blue coat-tail was seen floating in his rear, as he dashed out of the yard with the speed of a flying jackass.

"Mr. Midshipman," said the Commodore to the midshipmen rushed on deck, and asked for liberty to go on shore.

"Where, gentlemen," said the Commodore, "I grant no liberty to-day."

Six faces fell a "last," and six young jokers returned below, to curse the unlucky chance that put an old sea-dog in command.

"I will confine you for contempt," said the Judge. "You will, will you?" said the lawyer. "I'm defended in it," said the Judge. "Then it itself a contemptible act," said the lawyer.

He that is bad will have no hair, and if he happen to have any will not wear it. Such is the strict plain of the law.

"You have played the *dune* to my heart," remarked a young gentleman to a girl, engaged in whist. "That came of your playing the *beane*," replied the lady, with a crimsoned face.

Hitching the Cossey Trick.—The New Hampshire Register gives the following account of an incident on the New Haven and Hartford Road, soon after it went into operation. The train stopped at Meriden to wood up, and a fidgety gentleman, who was probably for the first time in his life in a railroad car, and was held out to his seat with both hands from the moment the cars left Hartford, looking as though he expected every moment to be shot off into the next county, suddenly stepped out on the platform, and took a rapid look at the locomotive. "Anything the matter?" inquired a wag, who had greatly enjoyed the countryman's perturbation. "Anything the matter? I should think there was something the matter, as you must have noticed it! Why they've stopped right in the middle of the road, and hain't hitched the *cussed thing!* I don't care, sir, if we should start! I'll guess some of us 'ull be in the kingdom come afore night!" A roar of laughter from the passengers in no wise allayed the man's alarm at the exposure of his self to position—*in case the cussed thing should start!*"

Advice to the Ladies.—A pretty hand and a pretty waist go together—when we speak of the one we always think of the other. To see a lady stepping on a woman's feet is equivalent to squeezing her hand, and equally proper, but somewhat more convenient; as it can be done under the table. Be careful, however, never to attempt it at a crowded table, for fear of making a mistake. We once saw a lady very much confused, when trying to give a signal to a gentleman opposite, and instead of his, she trod and pressed the corn-covered toes of an old bachelor. He bore it as long as he could, and then very quietly remarked:

"Madam, when you wish to step on a gentleman's toes, be particular and get the feet that belongs to him—for the last five minutes you have been treading on my corns most unmercifully."

Right Well.—One of the Rev. Mr. Summers at the Christian Alliance dinner, where wine and port-ire were pretty freely used, ventured to ask one of the American Methodist bishops if he saw any test impressions about England. Why, said the Minister, in reply, I think that you see a pretty hard drinking set here. The bishop's clergyman took the remark somewhat in dudgeon, maintaining his feelings rather rudely. The next day, at the breakfast table, a brother minister, he made some apology to the Methodist brother. Oh, said the brother, you frequently, I feel no offence. I saw you were not sober. I took no offence, sir.

Too Far.—In a village at Frinn, a peasant's wife, after a long illness, fell into a lethargy. She was thought dead, and being only wrapped in linen, as was customary in those parts, was carried to the place of interment. On the way thither, a violent storm arose, and the body got scratched, and bled profusely, which caused her to revive. Four-teen years after they took her a second time to be buried, and this time she was well informed. "For Heaven's sake, take care of the bones!"

Parent Good.—An Arkansas lass was lately convicted of horse stealing, and when sentence had been passed on her, he took a survey of the Court Room, and gave vent to his feelings after the following manner:—Well, this is rather, the briskest place I ever see. Institution Alone stolen two mustang, stood an election, and unanimously voted by twelve men to be maintained at the public expense ten years!

LISPTHING KITHETHS.

My mamma wuthlin, I give ur many kitheth;
Ten from me, and ten from Thuthy, and ten from Bethy.
Tote don't combider that we kothth yung motherth,
When we ur pleathe, can get our kitheth back.

The French Language.—Where some can was expatiating on the merits of the French language to Mr. Canning, he exclaimed:—"Why, what on earth, sir, can be expected of a language which has but one word for *bling* and *boring*, and puts a few vowels and a leg or section on a pair—*I come Indian-Paradise.*

THE BITERS BIT.

Some time ago a story went the rounds touching a man, who, having quarrelled himself in his affairs, determined to "have his revenge." He had received the loan of a coat from Mr. Benson, and after viewing the customer, stayed with the garment, he thought that he could not do better than spend a splendid swallow-tail for twenty-five cents. This sounds as if no office that occurred in 1840, as the days of Benson and Buchanan, but in the days of Mr. Nary Yard. One day, a long, green Yorkshire smuggled on board the frigate, and examined every nook and cranny in the vessel. Then, at the setting of the watch, from the bearing and manners of his audience, attracted the Yankee's notice.

"Got a pretty good place here—hey?" he inquired.

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"What kind of a berth you have?"

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"Only forty dollars! Jerusalem! why I was goin' to have one for ten. But where can I be made a midshipman of to get it?"

"Down below, sir, in the steerage. As soon as I'm relieved I'll see to it."

Down went the quizzer and the quizzed. A boy of young midshipmen required no prompting to perpetrate a piece of mischief. A specimen was soon made out, and the green-horn equipped in a splendid uniform, including an elegant chapeau and costly sword, by a joint contribution of the mess. That night the watch was exercised to present himself to Commodore S. in the cabin, and report readiness for duty. He was told that the Commodore might be pretty gruff, "it was a way he had;" but not to mind it. The steerage lubber, full, the next morning, at the head of the quarters in the Commodore's cabin; in fact, he was ordered to take possession of a certain state-room. The Commodore's black looks and angry words were to be regarded as nothing—he had no right to use either. Then "posted up," the victim presented himself to the Commodore with—

"Old hoss, how are you?"

S. stared. He had come across a rare one.

"Take a seat, sir."

"I kin help myself, old feller; I generally do," was the reply of the Vermonter, as he flung himself into one seat and crossed his legs upon another.

"You are one of the new midshipmen, I suppose?" remarked the Commodore, who, from the first, suspected something.

"I aint nothin' else."

"Shall I trouble you to see your warrant?"

"Catch hold, old boy."

The Commodore looked at the warrant and then at the visitor.

"Who gave you this?"

"The fellers down stairs; and I'm ready for duty."

"That's enough. Now you can go."

"Not so you known on, Squire. The cellar's chock full—and I want a gun out of that are in a hurry—I tell you now. Oh! you needn't rare up, old fellur. I see what's the matter—you're a uncle cracked up high and the brilliant youth touched his forehead with his fore-finger. "I am going into this chamber to have a right good quarrel—hoss and all, by gracy!"

As he was proceeding to execute this menace, the Commodore took him by the arm and led him to the gangway. Pointing to the sentinel, he remarked, mildly—"You see that man with a musket—now if you don't clear out directly, and leave the ship and yard, never to come here or me again, I'll order him to shoot you!"

The Yankee looked around for the seconds his blue coat-tail was seen floating in his rear, as he dashed out of the yard with the speed of a flying jackass.

"Mr. Midshipman," said the Commodore to the midshipmen rushed on deck, and asked for liberty to go on shore.

"Where, gentlemen," said the Commodore, "I grant no liberty to-day."

Six faces fell a "last," and six young jokers returned below, to curse the unlucky chance that put an old sea-dog in command. They never saw or heard anything of the Yankee afterward, nor the unlucky midshipmen—*Boston Courier.*

A Coquette's Card.—A celebrated coquette in this city, while "making calls" last week, chanced to find one of her female friends absent from the fashionable boarding establishment where she resided. The coquette left her "card," as she thought, but a loud laugh among some gentlemen over their wine, on the dinner table, soon revealed to her that she had left the "commercial card" of her father, who is a commission merchant. At the bottom was the significant phrase "Sole Agent," (referring to the coquette herself!) N. B. Consignments solicited, and advances made.

A Musical Rage.—A gentleman of a musical party where the lady was very particular not to have the concert of sweet sounds interrupted, was leaning under the performance of a long connected piece, and seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper—

"How shall I stir the fire without interrupting the music?"

"Between the bars," replied the friend.

Her Type Lies.—Pa, has time got legs?"

"Yes, Tom, and wings!" "Ma, has it?" Why do you ask?"

"Because the paper speaks about the lapse of time, and false as have legs must have legs to make 'em of you know."

A Smart Wife.—"You must turn over a new leaf," said a newly married man to his neglectful wife.

"I shall turn over a number of them," returned she, taking up the last novel, and abandoning to every folder.

Our Scrap Book.

"AU REVOIR."

FROM THE EVENING MIRROR.

I.

Rounding forth upon the billow,
Out to sea my skiff must fly,
Tossing tides her couch and pillow,
Shrieking winds her lullaby.
Prosperous gales on wings shall fan me,
While I sail, and sail, and sail.

II.

Home and friends I leave behind me,
And my heart with thee.

III.

An revoir!—'tis but absence prove,
Flight of time and strength of love
Shall not sever
Hearts that ever
Hallowed by mysterious age,
Quaintly linked as Memory,
Monument on History's page.
Loads of beauty, gems of power,
Souls of worth and bravery,
What my pencil shall be
An revoir!—'tis absence prove,
Flight of time, and strength of love
Shall not sever.

IV.

Lo, when poems my soul honeward,
And she seems the starriest star
Worn and swelling bosom upward
What a glad recognition!
May I find thy heart still beating,—
Sacred as in centenary,
And thy gentle love repeating
Joyfully to me.

An revoir!—let absence prove,
Flight of time, and strength of love
Shall not sever.

New York, July 23d, 1845. F. G. G.

Remarkable Fatality.—We find the following gigantic and hermiphroditic similitude straying about unattended with the author's name—but he is a most remarkable genius nevertheless. He is a native of the Mississippi and Internal Improvement, the author says:—"We are advised, by one conversant in the science of electricity, that the heat of the hand cast, the feet warm, and the body open, mankind will never need a physician. The Father of Waters rocks his head in the frigid regions of the North, warms his feet in the sunny air of the tropics; and requires only the removal of natural obstacles, which obstruct his interior channels, to place him beyond the necessity of human aid."

Domestic Life.—There are no means for the education of our race which can in any degree be compared to a domestic life in its purity. Domestic life in its essence, is a bond of love, and through this a divine institution to beget love.—*Fenelon.*

LAUGH, LADY, LAUGH.

Laugh, lady, laugh!
There's music in weeping;
Grief was never made
To be in beauty's keeping.
Tears are of a storm,
Whose pleasure lies decaying;
Smiles, the rays of light,
O'er sunny waters playing.

Laugh, lady, laugh!

Sing, lady, sing!
There is a charm in singing,
When melody is the theme;
Upon the air is flinging
Sweet sounds have often been
Most fatal to the listener,
And large have always been
The playthings of the grave.

Sing, lady, sing.

Love, lady, love!
There's a power in love by loving:
But sigh not when you feel
The heart you wish to move;
For when the coumers love,
Takes wing their beauty's bowers,
His leaves are withered
Among so many flowers.

Love, lady, love.

Choice Selections.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIVING.

A letter from London in the *National Intelligencer*, makes the following remarks on the differences in the domestic habits of the English and American.

"An American, on his first arrival in England, would not, I think, be much impressed with a sense of having suffered in new comforts. He will have been lucky enough to be greeted with a tolerably clear sky, and the appearance of that, too often gloomy, heaven, which he has been wont to call over the same language spoken, and the same manners would prevail in the middle ranks of society; he would find the same comforts in the way of eating and drinking, and the same habits of rest; differing so much from those which he had left behind, as the observances of society in New Orleans from those in New York, or the modes of living in St. Louis vary from those in Boston or Philadelphia. A boarding house in Liverpool or London would remind him of those of the Northern or Middle States; he would observe that people sat down to meals at the same hours, and would perceive at a very different description from those to had been accustomed to, but he would not stop to study the cooking but time would enable him to do this, whether they were better or worse. He would find the beef as good, and the mutton and lamb much better in general than he had left behind. He would observe a great deficiency in the variety of vegetables, but what he saw would be of very fine description. Of fruit, he would find a deficiency, especially when compared with the variety and the abundance to which he had been accustomed at home. As for prices, let it suffice to say, that cheeses, but they are really very superb ones, are now selling at four shillings the basket, containing about two bushels. The grapes (hot-house raised) in the fruiterers' windows are indeed very beautiful to the eye, but the palate can only be gratified by paying for what they cost for them. Whilst upon the subject of prices, let me add that beef, mutton, and lamb are now selling for (all [22cts.] the lb., that the best beef is 1s. per lb., and all other kinds of animal and farinaceous food in proportion. England has no doubt some very fine fruits, and some parts of the country, Kent, Devon and places, are excellent, and the provinces some very fine varieties of apples, but none superior if equal to the Newtown pippin.

Of wines, I would state, in general terms, that the poet and cheery drank in England are very superior to those which are mostly used in the United States that the champagne and claret are not so good; and that the Madeira is very inferior. We have the advantage, however, in point here, in the article of Rhenish wines which are drank here. I hate tasted no other equal to your Jos. Stewart's gold, nor so fine and delicate a flavor. Of the latter I would take my way to be compared to *grosse old* Monongahela whiskey! Such are the observations which, from my own *practical* experience, but as forming my information from very competent authority.

If I turn to those who have to do with the dressing-room, and the sleeping apartments a English gentlemen in middle life, we should find the two countries nearly on a par, the former being rather less than with you, and the latter with enough the little accessories to comfort and convenience. An English gentleman is rather more particular than you as a pattern of order, cleanliness, and very complete adaptation to its legitimate purposes; and an English gentleman's dressing-room is rather more than with you, in which everything is in a place for everything and everything in its place; and in which everything is kept in order, and in a state of a proper time, without noise, hurry, or confusion.

If from the house we direct our attention to the garden, we should find the same order, but we should find every thing in the trimmest order; the turf, given us an entirely, and smooth, soft, and level as a carpet. The flowers in the borders gorgeous in their colors and luxuriant in their growth, the shrubs massive and beautiful in their foliage, and the hedge-rows of a perfection that can be allowed to speak of true after having seen the giants of your forests. Your gardens are generally in a very neglected state, and seeing that the fire was about to expire, and a friend in a whisper—

"How shall I stir the fire without interrupting the music?"

"Between the bars," replied the friend.

Her Type Lies.—Pa, has time got legs?"

"Yes, Tom, and wings!" "Ma, has it?" Why do you ask?"

"Because the paper speaks about the lapse of time, and false as have legs must have legs to make 'em of you know."

A Smart Wife.—"You must turn over a new leaf," said a newly married man to his neglectful wife.

"I shall turn over a number of them," returned she, taking up the last novel, and abandoning to every folder.

GOOD ADVICE.

The editor of the New York Tribune, who has rambled extensively through the far Western States, comes out with his interesting letters with the following advice

"Oh ye who dwell in the gorges and on the slopes of granite hills! Why will you toil and delve so much at the hardship of your lot in being compelled to do a fortnight's hard labor in wrestling twenty months of corn from the acre of rugged, stony soil, while in fertile Illinois less labor produces a hundred bushels? You have not yet learned to think. Please to set the thinker to work. Look around—for the glorious woods which so readily carve it, and the blessed crystal waters which gush from its fairy fountains! If you can own them, keep it; and, by cheerful labor, guided by productive science, render it such your more fruitful than the last; but if you have not the means, and a young man, hope of earning any at the East, strike boldly for the West at once, get half (by pre-emption right) of eighty or a hundred and sixty acres, as well located for health and timber as you can find, and resolve, in spite of all obstacles, to make it the home of independence for yourself and no outlet for your children."

Dan's Carelessness.—A merchant was one day returning from the country. He was on horseback, and behind his saddle was a valise, filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the guard aid was not to be seen. On the plantation of the merchant the valise was opened, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey.

He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, who, with levelled gun, was aiming at him and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet with the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape.

As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself, "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, and to thank God that the powder had been dry and fair, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour; the rain which caused me to murmur has been a means of preserving to save my life, and I will murmur no more."

Beautiful Hems.—Men will say that appearance is nothing, and that the pleasures of the sight are to be valued and cultivated! I say that appearance is always to be regarded, that we cannot confer our bounties too beautiful and attractive. Our first object should be to make our dwellings as convenient and comfortable as art can make them; our second object should be to render them to an equal extent tasteful and elegant. Do what we can, and all we can, we shall fall far short of rivalling even the simplest forms and combinations of nature.—*Selected.*

Interesting Sketch.

CALIFORNIA.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce contains a very interesting letter from a correspondent in Monterey, California, from which we select a few important facts. The writer says that a fleet requires 100,000 to let our "American friends know that we want some person here who knows how to make bloom [ants]; for there are millions of acres that they cannot find where to buy a blanket." The fact is of additional weight in connection with another, that those who have settled there are content to bend and raise them but "a boy and a dog." The blankets need there are from Tepic, in Mexico, and are sold there at from one to two dollars. A good and blue spots, and a colored border, will make them sell for almost any price.

Contrast to second fleet cloth has always been worth from twelve to fourteen dollars a yard, and tailors charge eighteen dollars for making a coat. Common hats are worth eight dollars each, and the coarsest woollen stockings a dollar and twenty five cents per pair. The writer says, "shoes are sold here at seventeen dollars a pair, and are an independent fortune I would advise them to fly to California, where there is little doubt of their soon accumulating one to their satisfaction."

In a quarry which the writer had employed some men upon, he discovered a stratum of pipe clay, of the very finest kind, without a particle of grit in it, and with the smoothness of soap. All the crockery ware, however, used in the State, and that family which can boast of a full set is a prodigy.

Two weeks before the date of the letter, a new coal mine was discovered near San Luis Obispo, the seam of coal being twelve feet in thickness. Monterey, pat coal was sold last year, from an American whaler, at *five dollars a bushel.*

Shoes are brought chiefly from the States; yet the hides are sold for a dollar and fifty cents each. They are taken to America, tanned, dressed and made into shoes, the manufactured article brought out round Cape Horn, and an importation duty of at least one dollar per pair paid upon them, and then sold at the same price, and frequently from twenty five to fifty cents less than those manufactured in the country. The cause of this is the want of industry on the part of the people, and the total want of encouragement on the part of the government. In view of these facts the writer remarks, "should the United States retain California, (which is not to be doubted,) here is room and verge enough for thousands of mechanics and artizans to enrich themselves.

* * * *

Whoever lives in see California in the hands of the Americans for the space of ten years, will be able to more than prove whatever I have advanced in its favor." And should Californie pass into the hands of the American, it would soon rise to a high state of price," exclaims the writer, "will it hold out. At present there is not a yard of tape, a pin, or a piece of domestic cotton, or even the thread it is worth with, that does not come from the United States of America; and this in a country where every thing necessary for their manufacture can be procured with less trouble and expense, on account of the superiority of the climate, than in any other part of the American continent."

There seems to be some little difficulty in California, however, as there is every where else, in the matter of servants, in relation to which we make an extract.

"There is not such a thing all over Californie, as a hired female servant. The female servants which the superior classes of the people have been able to procure, are Indians, which have been generally taken from the missions, and are worthless. Those remain in some houses until they arrive at the age of twelve or fourteen years, when they are thought sooner to run away, and are never more brought into the settlements for some time past. there are very few families now who have any servants at all. A California woman, as a matter of course, will be waited and cold, will not enter into regular service. They think it a degradation, and many of them would rather starve than enter into any kind of regular servitude."

Unhappily the last is the too frequent accompaniment of wealth in this country. It is the result of a misplaced ambition. It is the result of a misunderstood notion too often entertained by the employed that the employer is the master and not the friend. It is no degradation where a valuable service is rendered for an equivalent, and there is scarcely any service that contributes more to the comfort and general happiness of the household than that rendered by faithful domestic aid. And it is a service entitled to respect from those who employ it. In this subject were better understood by the two parties, the station would be far more agreeable to both, and be sought after by those who are now the best. Uniform kindness, and not undue familiarity, is the secret of good management, as between the household and the servants.

In California there are no tradesmen, but there are sea-stores, who rejoice in the opportunity to charge cent unreasonable prices for all they sell. For rising the coarsest shirts they charge a dollar, and rate that can be found in needles and thread. For washing they charge twelve and a half cents for each pce, but though they make money, they are very extravagant. The washerwoman preserves her dirty clothes supposed by having so many and as rich dress as the persons she washes for.

Men are not the only sex who are extravagant here. The women, says the writer, "are always occupied in some useful employment, either in their own houses or those of others, and do not appear to envy their families than the men; and there are many women in all parts of the country who actually support their husbands and children entirely by their own personal labor, the husband acting as a sort of supercargo, whose business it is to dispose of the articles manufactured by his wife, and to purchase such as she may require. Capons have small combs and gills, and have a pallid look, like pullets, about the head; and horses have small combs like cocks, but it is only in the session of their masculine faculties vanished, their tanks on which they rely as the horsemen on earth. Capons are also much larger than cocks, and the South, we were presented with a brace of these warlike weapons, sharp-pointed as a Conner's spear, and curved like a Turkish cimetar. They had been brandished in the days of boyish vigor by a famous grunter, property of Col. Hollar, the accomplished and indefatigable Postmaster of Charleston, and were large enough for, and so shaped as to suggest their being made into handles for horse-whips.

Applejacks make Yankee "pickled pork"—seven days and fifty per cent. whiter" than that of corn-fed hogs, but if you would have "hams" made into "hams" of superior interior to Westphalia"—and whose hams are spoken of, bacon is understood, not pork —let the hogs, according to our observation, which has been a "corn ranger." let them roam over the forest, enjoying the largest liberty, cracking the beechnut, the chestnut, and the acorn, scrolling the ground for roots, and drinking the spring water of the country, until the middle or last of November, let them be "put up" and long enough to in. Chance and "hardens their fat" with new corn, so put better, corn meal with clean water; and having fed them for about that length of time, and given them 120 to 150 pounds, some time before or about Christmas, let their lives be taken, not in wantonness, but in accordance with the rules of art, and not in fulfillment of their appointed fate.

The hams of hogs weighing from 120 to 150, will be from 20 to 25 lbs. each, and will be unsurpassed. Col. John Taylor, of Carolina, Virginia, he who prompted the landholders of the Southern States in the year 1818 to raise wheat, has a hog-house to be studied, and a stake in the tournament to be cared for—he recommended that at the time of killing the hogs in the plantation, a sufficient number be spared to clear every thing to the shape of a hog, little as big, (except the breeding-stock,) which was under the months old; as, if over that, and carried through another year, it would not be worth its cost.

A look at the census will show with what remarkable correspondence Indian corn and hogs jump together! In the production of these two great staples of life, Indian corn and pork, Tennessee takes the lead, while New York produces more than four to one every Tennessee in value of "such products." The annual multitude of Tennessee exceeds that of the State of New York, by some 1,000,000!

Numbers of Cwts.	*Number of Hogs.*
Tennessee, 44,781,100	2,500,027
Kentucky, 35,947,108	3,349,331
Ohio, 34,372,201	3,292,155
Ohio, 13,008,141	2,205,746
Virginia, 12,000,000	1,200,000
North Carolina, 13,863,361	1,040,746
New York, 10,709,296	1,000,000

But it is remarkable in the agricultural economy of New York, that the number of her swine is much larger than that of other States in proportion to the country or Indian corn she produces, going to show that the two other resources into pork, which other States do not exist, or are neglected or otherwise disposed of.—*Skinner's Farmer's Library. Book of the Year.*

Selected Articles.

ECLIPSE AND HENRY.

In recent death of the famous race horse, Eclipse, has revived the memory of the celebrated race between Eclipse and Henry. The following account is taken from the Weekly Register of Baltimore, May 31, 1823 —

It will be recollected, by all the world, that after the formally grand race at Newmarket, in May, in Ireland last, between the lamed renowned New York horse called Eclipse, and the most renowned Virginia horse Sir Charles, which excited the admiration of the latter, he having been lamed, as the Eclipse was most gravely and reverently reported, the Eclipse was most gravely and reverently reported, the Eclipse was most gravely and reverently reported,